

St. Patrick's Day.



When dear St. Patrick's Day comes round.

We wear a little green;
A little sprig of shamrock, too,
In every cap is seen.

And every little boy and girl Knows well the story old, Of how St. Patrick, when a boy, Was stolen off and sold—

Sold as a slave in Ireland, That green isle o'er the sea; So lovely with its lakes and vales, But very sad was he.

He fed the swine, and did his work, Poor lonely little boy! And night and morning said his prayers, That was his only joy.

But sad was he, because not one In all that land so fair, Had ever heard of God or heaven, Or how to say a prayer.

His little heart with pity ached, At night when all was still, To see the people worshiping A bon-fire on the hill, And afterwards, when free again, In dreams he used to see The Irish children reaching out Their hands beseechingly.

"Come back! come back!" they seemed to cry,
"And teach us how to pray—"
And in his dreams he promised them,
"I will come back some day."

So when he grew to be a man.

St. Patrick walked abroad
O'er all that land and taught the
folks
To love and serve one God.

He picked the little shamrock up— Three little leaves you see Upon one stem—and told them of The Blessed Trinity.

"See, this is one shamrock," he said,
"And yet three leaves there be;
So God is One, although in God
Of Persons there are Three."

That's why the Irish people love The little shamrock gay; And why we love to celebrate. Upon St. Patrick's Day.